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ART'S
TRUE MISSION
IN
AMERICA.

BY
AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY

GEO. S. APPLETON, PRINT-PUBLISHER,
356 BROADWAY.

1853.

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Etching of the "RUBBER OF WHISKY."



George J. Harriet demonstrating the theory of the circulation of the blood.

George J. Harriet demonstrating the theory of the circulation of the blood.

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1853 June 1 letter of
. 400. Mr. J. Taylor
of. Bourne Bay.

ART'S TRUE MISSION.

THERE is no more blessed influence super-acting on the world than the love of art nourished by the education of our higher feelings. It is never individual in its operation, never selfishly confined to the object upon which it was first directed ; but it effuses like the atmosphere, radiates like light, enveloping, pervading, and ameliorating all surrounding things, and transforming the rudest antagonisms into the tenderest sympathies. An enlarged and educated scholar recognizes kindred in every intellect which is marked by his own breadth of thought ; the soul of a true artist glides into and claims affinity with that of a brother in art, of whatever clime or caste ; and it is indeed a divine sympathy which unites the sensitive natures of

true-born children of music—whose lives are broken melodies, and whose deaths the subsidence of an exhausted cadence. There is, in effect, nothing “foreign” in the higher world of literature and art. The true poet or artist cannot descend to the consideration of clime, or age, or rank. There are no English, no Americans, no Italians, nor Germans, nor French, in the grand congress of mind and heart manifesting itself through thought, light, and song. The exalted artist has no country, or, rather, he claims all countries; for his birth-place is the soul of all true men, and the nourishment which gives him life comes not from one breast alone, but from all that throb with the love of which his genius is the expression. Therefore does the high-souled, heaven-anointed artist recognize all pure children of his divine *alma mater* as brethren in his path; therefore will he never regard the accident of birth as of a snow-flake’s weight in his estimate of genius; therefore will he welcome to his heart of hearts all feelings, all impulses, all influences born of the beautiful spirit which inspires his own conceptions.

So much as regards the *Artist*: and I under-

stand this word to comprise somewhat more than the signification of a mere class or profession. I use the word "artist" in the high sense to which poet should ever be confined—conveying the idea of a creator of new beauties in the world—an interpreter of dumb spirit—an exalted Cadmus giving form and expression to impalpable and mute feeling. The Poet and the Artist are, each in his sphere, the divine chemists of all spiritual affinities around them. The inner things of men's natures,—hidden sympathies and mysterious promptings—howsoever nameless and subtile they be,—are reduced to substance, shape, and character, in that strange alembic the mind of genius, and thence thrown out to the world's recognition, on the painter's canvas, the scholar's page, or through

— "the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes."

It is true that there exists a marked distinction between the merely sensuous and primary effects of poetry, and those of painting, and that the processes of conception and execution through

which the poet and the painter arrive at their result or object—*i. e.*, a perfect work—are exactly inverse. It has been said that in all canvas representations, even the greatest, there must appear an unsatisfactory incompleteness, rendering them inferior to a finished poem; that, for example, a hand raised to strike, in a picture, must forever remain in that position, threatening only, and that the flying horse of a painter never advances, and therefore fails to suggest to us the end of his career;—whereas in a poem the action is continuous—the arm falls, the steed dashes onward, bearing the reader with its flight. Whether the power of thus continuing and elucidating the action of its subject be an advantage to Poetry, may, however, in its turn, be questioned; inasmuch as the scope allowed to the imagination by a painting might be suggestive of more interest than could be awakened through the detailed description of the poet. Perhaps, moreover, the *tout ensemble* that is at once embraced by a single *coup d'œil* at the picture is more satisfactory to the mind than the necessarily slower induction by which the argument of a poem must lead to its consummation.

But, in fact, the inceptive processes through which the excellences of both poem and painting become recognized, involve two diverse mental operations in the beholder or auditor. Thus, it is the impressive *coup d'œil*, or *first view*, in the one case, regarding the painting, and it is the inductive process in the other, regarding the poem, which reveals to us the true merit of each as a perfect work of art. And herein, perhaps, lies the æsthetic distinction between the two, that the one appeals to our analytic, the other to our synthetic, mental powers. There is a dual gratification in the contemplation of all perfect or nearly perfect creations—that springing from the composite or complete view, and that arising from a mental dissection or disintegration of the merits. This double pleasure has for its base one of the two faculties of analysis or synthesis. The object, therefore, of the true painter or poet will be to exercise to its proper degree whichever of these faculties his subject or work is fitted to call into action; and his success will be according to the nicety of art and fidelity to nature of which his work shall give evidence.

So in Homan's picture of "HARVEY EXPLAIN-

ING THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD"—the principal figure at once fixes the eye, and gives tone to the whole scene; and our analytic powers then separate the components of the work: the thoughtful monarch, the careless courtier, the wondering boy, and finally, the stag's head, with its swelling veins, furnishing the philosopher's illustration; satisfaction with all being our artistic quest.

In viewing or criticising a picture like Wilkie's "PREACHING OF KNOX," for instance, the analytic process is peculiarly called into action. Our first glance is arrested by the masterly grouping, and perfect keeping, in position and tone, of the accessories. The foreground of the picture, occupied with figures whose attitude and expression suggest a powerful present feeling, directs us at once to the chief actor, the bold Reformer, JOHN KNOX. His animation, so graphically delineated in every line of the figure, suggests at once a mental inquiry as regards the effect of such preaching upon the other witnesses of the scene; and we proceed, therefore, to note the expression and attitude of all the listening figures. Thus we unconsciously

analyze the entire picture—receiving it firstly as a whole, and then dissecting its excellences.

With a poem, on the other hand, we may here remark, comes the *synthetic* process. We cannot obtain at once the *grand effect* of language and subject, but must be led or inducted into it by graduated steps. In the first line we begin to recognize the style; proceeding, we discover simile, language, idea; concluding, we unravel the argument, and learn the *denouement*; thus, through *synthesis*, reaching our conception of the whole work;—whose perfection, to be recognized, must be crowned by a culminating effect.

The distinction thus drawn, respecting the artistic treatment necessary to the development of each work, that of the poet and that of the painter, is very simple. A complete painting strikes at first view, leaving the proportions of its beauty to be learned by analysis; while a poem builds up details in the mind towards a superstructure which is only fully recognized when its cap-stone is laid.

But, howsoever the artistic manipulation, so to speak, of genius may differ in methods of

producing equally satisfactory results, one thing is unquestionable—that a true artist or true poet, like the king, “can do no wrong.” Whether he steal into the love of humanity on rays of painted sunlight, drawing the sympathy of a world to his shadowed canvas; or whether he envelop sense and spirit in the divine afflatus of a magnificent thought of music, swaying with melodious power the affections of myriad hearts; still and forever the true artist can do no wrong. Not of himself is his genius, nor its influence directed by the impulse of his own will; but he is an instrument, a glorious medium through which the æsthetic spirit of worship is revealed to the children of men, in lieu of the barren formalism generated by the material grossness of every-day existence. It is only the untrue artist, therefore, who sacrilegiously usurps the white robe of Art’s pure priesthood—who daringly pilfers away her altar-fire, therewith to kindle false flames; only he, thief of art, and rebel against her divinity, can bring evil into the world.

Yet, indeed, it remains with many people a question whether the operations of art, as developed in the creations of painter, sculptor, ar-

chitect, and musician, are of permanent utility to our race—whether, in effect, what are termed the FINE ARTS do in reality benefit the nation amidst which they flourish. Not a few thinking minds are prepared to draw, between Spartan nakedness and Italian luxury, a parallel far from flattering to the latter. The fact that Athens, Rome, Florence, and other states have dated their physical and moral decadence from the zenith of their artistic glory; the reflection that many of the noblest works of painting, statuary, and music, were produced amid influences which directly antedated a nation's decline, and that the brightest names of genius gleam out from the darkness of popular ignorance and servitude; these truths would apparently argue that Art can flourish in the absence of liberty, and that its influence may decorate and aggrandize a state without being of real popular utility; and they, moreover, seem to give plausibility to Schlegel's narrow theory, that in the mental as in the natural world, there is an invariable sequence of periods—bloom, maturity, decay.

I am ready to acknowledge that the traditional glories of art which we have received from

history, warrant skepticism to a certain extent regarding its beneficial influence on the race. I believe that an inaccessible *Louvre*, an aristocratic *Academy*, or an exclusive *Opera House* can exercise little refining influence upon the great mass. Rather, indeed, should we look for an opposite result. *Venus de Medicis* may attract the worship of *cognoscenti*, while a horde of *lazzaroni* are gambling upon its pedestal, unconscious or contemptuous of its beauties. *Praxiteles* or *Apelles* may enchant a king and his court, while thousands of *Helots* lie, with distorted limbs and minds, in bondage at their feet. *Pyramids* may rise, cemented by the blood and sweat of a million human beings; the walls of a *Colliseum* may frown over the combats of wild beasts and gladiators; the *Kremlin* or *St. Petersburg* may tower in the very centre of degraded barbarism; yea, the sublime masses of a *Cherubini* or a *Spohr* may swell from sounding organ-pipes, as a musical accompaniment to an *auto da fé*.

And, in a financial point of view, when it is argued that the patronage of Art, and the increase of luxury, give employment to thousands

in catering for the supply of artificial wants ; when it is asserted that the extravagance of the *virtuoso* is a direct pecuniary gain to a hundred individuals occupied in the details of executing that which he purchases,—I am far from receiving *such* facts as evidence of the beneficial effect of luxurious Art upon a nation's character. It is related of Colbert, prime minister of Louis XIV., that he defended the extravagant magnificence of that monarch's *carrousel*s, by a financial calculation, in which he demonstrated that the influx of strangers on account of the *fêtes*, would produce to the industry of the kingdom a profit ten times greater in amount than the royal outlay for the occasion. Thus, he argued that the fountains, grottoes, palaces, statues, paintings, and fireworks necessary for a week's courtly festivities, were legitimate and virtuous means towards the development and reward of industrial talent. I do not gainsay the fact of all these and such things being profitable to some portion of a nation—merchants and artificers—in a pecuniary point of consideration ; but I oppose the conclusion that such is the proper and legitimate consideration of Art ; for I conjecture that

its influences may have a higher direction—that its mission is to humanize and refine the great popular mind—and that whenever it is degraded to mere physical subserviency, it must lose its beauty and divinity.

For what avail is it, in a spiritual, refining sense, that the mechanical preparations for a gorgeous cathedral are diffused among a thousand laborers? What delicate artistic influence has the noble conception of the architect upon the dull drudge who quarries the stone, the demi-brute who delves for the metal, which are to become components of the great work? Because the paint thrown upon canvas is the medium of an artist's immortality, does it follow that the boor who grinds it has been refined or exalted by the operation? And why not? It is because drudge and boor share in the details which are to make up the great whole, *merely* as drudge and boor. The sublime IDEA of the work, which their individual labors are hastening to completion, never breaks upon their clodden brains. Not a glimpse of the *perfectness* to constitute which each is bringing his imperfect fraction, dissipates the mist in which they toil. The

mine is wrought, the quarry opened, simply as means of direct subsistence or reward, without a shadowy reference to future purpose and result involved in present labors.

It is on this account that Art, confined to the appreciation and enjoyment of a limited number, its productions as a whole rated enormously high, its influences appealing only to the luxurious and refined, and its associations fastidiously exclusive, can never humanize nor beautify a national physiognomy. Its true mission, forever, is like that of religion, among high and low. It should speak the same simple truth to those who dwell in palaces as to the unlettered cottager—exalted and sublimed, perhaps, but still the self-same truth. For it can only be productive of the highest good to mankind when it is not monopolized by a luxurious few; when it is not clouded or impeded by tyrannous minorities; when it is, in fine, *free*—capable, like the air, to flow softly into the chamber of suffering; to penetrate prisons, and palaces, and huts; to concentrate, whirlwind-like, against the strongholds of oppression; to rise with the exhaled prayers of loving hearts, and to

descend laden with the blessings and peace of heaven.

The arts in a community find their nourishment in its prosperity. A savage, subsisting on the mere necessities of life, cannot be expected to give much attention to mental or spiritual adornment. The development of his taste is complete when he appends silver rings to his sliced nostrils, or jingles his strung wampum, or daubs his cheeks and forehead with parti-colored streaks. He is then, as far as in him lies, a patron of the fine arts; but not exactly a refined man.

It is only when the channels of profit in a nation are overflowing—when men are enjoying comfort and leisure—that we may safely count upon the *spread* of art. Painters and musicians may thrive in a land where the inhabitants have not bread to eat, but very little is art benefited by such thrift. Such success of artists proves that they are of little more consequence in the state than would be so many monopolies or appanages of the power—be it prince or peer—which patronizes them; while the people, the great heart which should sway the pulsations of

their genius, has nought in common with them. Cheops could build his pyramid, Czar Ivan could erect his great temple, and Czar Peter fill his capital with paintings and sculpture; but the swart bondman of the Nile, and the bearded serf of the Volga, had little interest in that beauteous spirit which men call Art. To evangelize men, first give them to eat. To refine a people, make them comfortable, and familiarize their minds to the enjoyment of the beautiful. We, as a nation, have attained in a great measure to that degree of comfort and prosperity which presents a fair field for artistic experiment. Already we exhibit the germs of a liberal spirit, that will eventually refine the national taste into a just appreciation of talent now obscure, if not dormant.

In this view, it is with confidence, that I look forward to the future establishment of a grand national conservatory of the Fine Arts, under direction of men whose lives shall be devoted to the cause of artistic progress, aided by government, and supported by permanent revenues from the whole country. Our experimental Art Unions, and other associations, have at

least answered one purpose, as initiative steps towards a consolidation of the lovers and amateurs, as well as professors of art, into a mutually-beneficial national association ; and we may witness, before many years shall pass, the foundation of an academy which shall be an honor to America. For we do not lack talent in our country, nor does talent lack encouragement when developed ; we only lack at present the legitimate means and opportunities of study and practice. Nearly all our artists are spontaneous in their first growth, few of them passing through the probationary experience which in past times was deemed requisite to the formation of a Raphael, Titian, or Correggio. Yet, indeed, we cannot hope for *masters* unless we first constitute *apprenticeships*. And when America shall possess an ACADEMY, it must be one founded on a broad basis, and conducted in a liberal and republican spirit. It must embrace not only schools of design, living models, draperies, casts, statues, groups, and bas-reliefs ; but all these adjuncts must be accessible and beneficial to every class of society, whether comprising lovers of art, *par excellence*, or not. It must furnish not only

a library of works on architecture, sculpture, painting, and their kindred sciences ; not only a museum of vases, trophies, utensils, altars, and models ; but it must insure a further result—that the knowledge and refinement acquired through these auxiliaries shall find a way *out of* the academic walls, and be diffused among the *people*, improving and directing their tastes in all things. Not only must professorships be constituted to induct students into the principles and laws of composition, to educate their ideas of design and coloring, to point out to them the beauties and defects of masters, and to direct their attention to the particular branch of art for which nature has fitted their own faculties ; but the influence of these professorships must be conducted, *through the students*, out into the world, there to generate and conserve a true artistic taste. The lecturer on painting, on architecture, on anatomy, on perspective, must speak *through* his class to the outer community, or he achieves comparatively little towards the culture and elevation of Art in the nation.

I believe these objects may be secured by an institution organized and conducted on a

republican basis, with features recommending it to popular sympathy; such, for example, as free admission to all students who shall, on examination, be deemed naturally qualified to become artists; the establishment of lectures on a generous scale of support; the distribution of prizes and honors for the encouragement of a proper emulation; award of diplomas as in our universities;—the whole to be guaranteed through a permanent Fund, accruing from various means.

For instance, the designs and execution of statues and paintings for national and state galleries—of ornaments for legislative chambers—of monuments commemorative of battle-fields, political events, etc.—might emanate from such an academy; every state in our confederacy making an annual appropriation for the purchase of some work produced by the student-artists. Then each state might have the privilege of nominating a professor in the academy—thus supporting one of its own talented citizens by the annual appropriation made to art. Casts, medallions, and engravings, disposed of generally throughout the country, would aug-

ment the annual revenues. A Fund for indigent artists, or their destitute families, should be discreetly administered ; and elementary schools, for instruction in the primary branches of art, would discover and develop the germ of talent in the children of rich and poor.

In the multiform yet simple operations of an Academy like this, all details having aught to do with the culture of an artistic taste in the community, should have proper place and consideration. The same idea of refinement which induces a professor of art to gather about him antique reliefs and ornaments of marble or porcelain, would, if properly directed, generate a desire in the poorest citizen to have *fac-similes* of such things, though moulded only from clay, in his rudest household utensils. The design of an Etruscan vase may as well ornament the poor man's mantel, as the rich one's mosaic table ; and the Gothic or Corinthian order may as legitimately give character to the laborer's chair, stove, or clock, as to that of the *virtuoso*.

Thus, through its lectures, engravings, and elementary schools, would the Academy influence

the community. An approved design of a *villa*, a *summer-house*, a *vase*, a *flower-pot*, or even a *fruit-basket* or *ice-cream mould*, emanating from the primary school of a National Academy, would naturally be adopted by the public as a style or pattern of build or manufacture. And so, in the commonest every-day objects would soon be recognizable both beauty and symmetry; and the nation would be educated in the love of Art by daily witness of its ameliorations.

By degrees, under the present auspices of Art, the humanizing influence of a love or appreciation of it, are becoming understood, and it is to be hoped that we shall not long have to complain of the ill success attending the efforts of those who seek to embellish life by its productions. There is no human being, however uneducated, who may not be acted upon, more or less, by an appeal to the etherial portion of his nature. The habits of the world, the evil passions, propensities, and appetites of the animal man, may harden and incrust his outer development, but beneath all there ever exists some vestige of that spiritual quality which consti-

tutes his title to the name of human. Hence the necessity of so disposing outward influences as to awake and quicken the better life within, thus adapting art to its highest vocation, as a great popular educator. For the propensities and passions of mankind are, after all, but distortions of the diviner principles and qualities. Lust, the demonic, is but the hideous growth of rank, uncultured Love. Revenge is but an excrescence of Justice, and holy Reverence may degenerate into sinful Idolatry. To confine and regulate, then, the too exuberant expansion of any quality, is the true method of preserving in equilibrium the human character; and it is necessary, to this end, that an atmosphere, or surrounding sense, of goodness and beauty should be brought continually to act upon society. A little child (it is related), on being led into the room where Powers' "Slave" was exhibited, awed by the stillness around, whispered to its mother—"Mamma, we mustn't speak *here*." It was the pervading presence of beauty, felt and mutely acknowledged by the spectators, which prompted the child's thought. It would have seemed as much sacrilege to raise the voice

in that hall, as before a high cathedral altar. We might scarcely fancy a man so brutal, so impious, as to strike a blow in anger, or even to vent an imprecation, in the mute presence of that statue! Nay, we should rather expect to behold anger subside, and passion sink subdued before the present sanctity of genius. And so, likewise, in the outward world—if the beautiful were oftener presented to our affections, and the refined placed within our aspirations and reach, surely our social life could not fail of being exalted by the communion.

Let, then, Art be acknowledged as (what in truth its capacities directly indicate), a teacher of the people. Let our school-houses, halls, churches, and homes become familiar with lovely things. A picture of a quiet landscape may be a silent monitor to the vexed mind—a sweet face gazing from the wall, may make us ashamed of the frown which darkens our own brows. Even the humblest engraving, in a poor man's chamber—if it possess but the symmetric proportions of beauty—may minister to the beholder's taste, enlarge his heart, embellish, so to speak, his views of life.

A flower in the window, or a picture on the wall, imparts an air of refinement to the rudest habitation; and its possession is a mute appeal to something within the owner's breast, the development of which will elevate his taste above the enjoyment of the coarse or the sensual.

A true understanding and love of Art, therefore, bids us welcome all means and objects calculated to awaken pleasure in well-constituted minds, since they cannot be devoid of a happy influence upon society. The evil spirit fled before the harp of David, and Art is powerful now as then. When we shall accustom ourselves, our families, and our children, to embrace what is really beautiful, we shall not, as a community, be far from reaching that which is good.

Let, then, a popular appreciation of art be encouraged, and its productions familiarized to the community by being rendered accessible to all classes; for there is no want of a general love for the beautiful, if the proper objects of love be supplied. The fine paintings of ancient and modern days, if *translated* to the public through equally meritorious engravings, will

speedily exert an influence upon national taste, and their wide-spread distribution, at reasonable prices, rendering their acquisition possible to all classes of the people, will be the surest method of indoctrinating the popular mind with true taste in matters of Art, as well as the legitimate first-steps towards a general appreciation of its claims, which may hereafter result in an artistic school worthy of our native land. The community requires more than the hackneyed allotment of annual engravings by Art Unions ; it demands choice and variety in the works of art submitted to its favor ; and such works must be supplied as may be coveted and possessed by all. The glorious creations of Raffaele, Correggio, Murillo, Claude, and Rubens—the masterly productions of Lawrence, West, Wilkie—the incomparable sketches of Landseer—not to speak of the beautiful works of native genius—of Allston, Cole, Flagg, and a host of others—rendered to us by the truthful transcript of the engraver—may grace the “poor man’s cot—the rich man’s drawing-room ;” and when Art shall thus become familiar, we cannot long remain ignorant or heedless of its blessed influences.

If it is gratifying in a patriotic point of view that America has reached a proud position in the world's history, it is far more pleasing to look forward to the period when our example shall lead the enterprise of European nations. If it is just to consider our indebtedness to the Old World for much of the genius, energy, and indomitable perseverance which mark our character, it is wise likewise to reflect that we are even now exerting a reflex influence, and returning to the nations of our ancestry a more perfect and enduring light to guide their progress. While, for instance, we acknowledge what we owe to the sturdy Anglo-Saxon stock, we are conscious that the child is able even now to lead and support its parent, and we rejoice that our mission may yet be to illumine the altars of our foreign forefathers with the living fire of freedom that now flashes upon our own.

And not only in a liberalizing and philanthropic sense are we destined to react upon the Old World nations. I believe this glorious land is yet to be the grand theatre for the regeneration of all things most dear to social beings. I think it no rashness to predict

that many now living may behold the spectacle of Painting, Music, and Poetry, flying from the chaos of European revolutions, to erect new and more magnificent temples upon the towering mountains and beneath the peaceful skies of our happy continent.

For, indeed, Art requires, in its true life, a clear atmosphere and quiet habitation. It has no home where tyranny abides; nor can it flourish amid anarchy or ignorance. Its higher blessings have never yet been vouchsafed to the great body of the people, because in all history there has never yet been an epoch when the mass could love and appreciate these diviner things. Though Greece had her temples, her academies, her melodious groves—her canvas glowing with heavenly creations, and her marble almost instinct with life; though Italy in past ages has seemed the very home of music, of painting, of all that elevates and refines—though her Rome, her Florence, her Venice, appear in history like enchanted abodes, where all beautiful things were beloved, all glorious images revered, where the skies were fraught with golden sunshine, and the atmosphere was

“full of noises—

Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not,”
—an empire of romance, where Art sat enthroned over a universe of worshippers—yet the reality of these picturings is not so pleasant. Art was *patronized* in Italy, and had its rewards and places of honor; it was lodged in palaces and lifted up its voice in cathedrals; but unfortunately it was *no more than patronized*. As I before said, it never indoctrinated the great mass of Italy, never elevated, refined, or ennobled their souls. It was never received as a gospel, or it would, ere this, have made of the Italians a nation of freemen. It had its influence, to be sure, in attuning the national feeling to an idea of the *sensuous* in Art; for, doubtless, the beggars of Naples and Florence are somewhat critical in respect to the physical beauty of painting and statuary which they may see, and the animal influence of operas and masses that they may hear; but as regards pure appreciation and love of Art for her own blessed self, they have, I fancy, very little of it. Their souls are not large enough to clasp the glorious spirit.

It is *here*, in our fresh, healthy land, that the

new and sublimer advent of Art may be looked for. Let us open our arms and hearts to her, that she may rest and be plumed for higher flights; let us prepare the way for her coming, that she may feel her mission a welcome one. It is in our grand old forests and among our sounding hills, that music must abide, till its echoing anthem shall roll from shore to shore of two mighty oceans. It is in the midst of our republican temples that the shrine of art must ascend, surrounded and guarded by a people's love. From the plains of Italy and the German forests—from the gentle south and the rude north—we will welcome the lore of the Old World, and engraft it with the genius of the new. We will welcome the learning, the history, the imperishable works of European art, and erect them into a magnificent column, which shall be the starting-point of our country's progress, beacon-crowned with the genius of the Present and the Past.

And beautiful will be the spectacle, when, casting national and sectional prejudices aside, and holding all as brothers who enclasp the same shrine and raise the same anthem, we

shall behold the spirit of redeemed Art moving onward through the land, exalting and purifying the souls of men, and teaching by sights and sounds of loveliness the great and eternal harmony of Nature.

APPLETON'S ART PUBLICATIONS.

Much has been done by Galleries, Academies, and Art Unions, towards the creation of a love and admiration for the beautiful in Art ; but up to this time no regularly established Publishing House has engaged in the issue of Choice Engravings, executed in the highest style of Art known at the present day. European Engravings in small quantities, at enormously high prices, have found their way to some extent, but are chiefly confined to the inhabitants of larger cities, and those the most wealthy. The man of moderate means is debarred from the purchase of such prints as his taste would prompt him to purchase, by the insuperable barrier of *price*.

It is the design of the Subscriber to issue, from time to time, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Painters of America and Europe. Of the works of American Painters, he has now in progress the four beautiful Pictures of the lamented COLE, entitled the "VOYAGE OF LIFE, or CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE," forming an allegorical series of Engravings of the highest order of

morit. They are intended to be faithful representations of this admirable painter's great effort, and are, so to say, the only series of strictly FAMILY PICTURES which this country has ever produced. The engraving of them has been intrusted to Mr. James Smillie, who bears a deservedly high rank as a landscape engraver.

Of European Paintings, the subscriber has in preparation the masterly efforts of the following celebrated Painters :

| | |
|--------------|-----------|
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| CORREGGIO, | WILKIE, |
| MURILLO, | WEBSTER, |
| DE LA ROCHE, | UWINS, |
| LAWRENCE, | MULREADY, |

and others of a like high professional character. Due notice of these Art Publications will be given to the public in future circulars. The subjects will embrace Scriptural, Historical, Moral, and Humorous Pictures.

They will be engraved for the most part in the LINE MANNER, which is the most costly and the most generally admired style known in Art, being five times more expensive than Mezzotint, and fifty times greater than Lithographs. Some idea may be formed of the great expense, when it is borne in mind that the Engraver is obliged to enter every line with the *graver*. The time required to execute such an engraving as "Harvey demonstrating to Charles the First the Theory of the Circulation of the Blood," is two years, whereas

to engrave the same plate in *Mezzotint*, no more than four months would be required.

Notwithstanding the great cost of getting up Engravings in Line, the Subscriber has determined to issue these engravings on an average, at one-fourth of the prices asked for the same class of Engravings in Europe, placing his reliance upon the generous patronage of a public which is ever ready to encourage a laudable undertaking.

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